

Kathleen Norris, famous author of "Mother," who also possesses an art and a baby has declared she would take the baby every time if she had to choose and that sometimes motherhood and a career are irreconcilable.

Personally I don't quite agree with these interesting women, though I incline much more to Mrs. Creel's opinion than to Mrs. Norris'.

Frankly I don't think a woman has any choice in the art or baby problem. According to the type she is, the art chooses her or the baby chooses her. And she really has very little to say about it. Up to 50 years ago life really said to us baby or art? And naturally nearly every woman said "Baby." Men, on the contrary could say and did say art and baby, and they got both. That's the reason there have been so many more great men in the realm of creative intellect than there have been great women.

"If men had ever been offered a choice between their love life and their art life there would not have been any great men at all! Just imagine for a minute that the great musician Johann Bach had been named Johanna or that a certain Wilhelmina Shakespeare had written "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Of course, Wilhelmina would have

been compelled to marry because nearly all highly gifted human beings feel the love thirst even more than the average man or woman.

Then imagine Wilhelmina in the midst of a masterpiece—wandering in that tantalizing maze of thought that leads so tediously to a new idea. Enter Mr. Wilhelmina, who speaks as follows: "Say, I wish you'd tell me what you did with my best suspenders. I can't find 'em anywhere." Wilhelmina abandons the masterpiece to look for the suspenders which are finally discovered on the pair of trousers Mr. Wilhelmina is wearing.

Back to work—inspiration gone of course. Interval of 15 minutes trying to coax it back. Then violent howls from the direction of Wilhelmina, Jr.'s cradle. Art must be left once more to soothe Wilhelmina, Jr.'s colic or to keep her from swallowing the button hook.

Until modern conditions made life easier for women, and until ceaseless battering at the shut gates of prejudice broke down the venerable tradition that she existed merely to minister to man's physical needs woman had no choice of any kind in the matter of her career. The life force, the mother instinct, pushed her into marriage—and the baby did the rest!

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE IS NOT TELLING ALL THE TRUTH LYING?

Chapter LXXXVI.

"Gee, but you look good to me, Margie!" said Dick as we sat opposite each other at a corner table of a downtown restaurant.

"Any better than usual, Dick?"

"Well, you see, I really haven't had many looks at you this week, and when I have you have looked so pale that I began to feel worried about you. When you lose your color, Madge, you look like an entirely different woman."

I presume I was paler than usual while taking care of Mother Waver-

ly, but I also remembered that I had not had time or inclination to put on a little rouge.

Red-haired women are always pale and most of them look better with no color in their faces, as their hair gives enough tone to their complexions, but I early found that a tiny bit of rouge cream on my cheeks and lips helped my looks immeasurably.

I have never told Dick that I use this, and I know that he thinks my "peach bloom" is given me by nature instead of being purchased at the beauty shop. I have sometimes won-